POEMS,

&c.

WRITTEN BY

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All the Lyrick Poems in this Booke were set by Mr. HENRY LAWES Gent. of the Kings Chappell, and one of his Majesties Private Musick.

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To my Lady.

MADAM,

YOur Commands for the gathering of these ſticks into a Faggot, had ſooner been obeyed, but intending to preſent you with my whole Vintage: I ſtaied till the lateſt Grapes were ripe, for here your Ladiſhip hath not onely all I have done, but all I ever mean to doe in this kind: Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetrie, by the examples (not to trouble you with Hiſtorie) of many wiſe, and worthie perſons of our own times: as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Fra. Bacon, Cardinall Perron, the ableſt of his Countrie-men; and the former Pope, who they ſay, in ſtead of the

triple Crown, wore sometimes the Poets Ivie, as an ornament, perhaps of lesser weight, and trouble. But Madam, these Nightingales sung onely in the Spring, it was the diversion of their youth. As Ladies learn to sing and play when they are Children, what they forget when they are women; The resemblance holds further: for as you quit the Lute the sooner, because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry: so this is not alwayes practised without some villanie to the mind, wresting it from present occasions, and accustoming us to a Still somewhat removed from common use. But that you may not thinke his case deplorable, who had made verses: we are told, that Tully (the greatest wit among the Romans) was once sick of this disease, and yet recovered so well; that of almost as bad a Poet as your Servant, he became the most perfect Oratour in the world. So that not so much to have made verses, as not to give over in time, leaves a man without excuse: the former presenting

senting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely: that is to conceale those we have made, which I shall yet doe, if my humble request may be of as much force with your Ladiship, as your Commands have been with me; Madam, I onely whisper these in your ears: if you publish them, they are your own, and therefore as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit, and a Poet, cast them into the fire, or if they come where green boughs are in the Chimney, with the help of your faire friends, (for thus bound, it will be too hard a taske for your hands alone) to teare them in pieces, wherein you shall honour me with the fate of Orpheus, *for so his Poems, whereof we onely heare the forme (not his limbs as the storie will have it) I suppose were scattered by the* Thracian Dames. *Here Madam I might take an opportunitie to Celebrate your vertues, and to instruct you how unhappie you are, in that you know not who you are: How much you excell the most excellent of your own: And*

how

how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder of your Sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladiship for a Roman name: So would they believe that I indeavoured the Character of a perfect Nimph, worshipt an Image of my own making, and Dedicated this to the Ladie of the brain, not of the heart of your Ladiships most humble servant,

E.W.

To

An advertisement to the Reader.

READER. This parcell of exquisit Poems, have pass'd up and downe through many hands amongst persons of the best quallity, in loose imperfect Manuscripts, and there is lately obtruded to the world an adulterate Copy, surruptitiously and illegally imprinted, to the derogation of the Author, and the abuse of the Buyer. But in this Booke they appeare in their pure originals and true genuine colours. In so much that they feare not (as young Eaglets use to be tryed whither they are spurious, or of a right extraction) to look upon the

Sunne

Sunne in the Meridian, in regard *Apollo* himſelfe, the grand Patron of Poets, ſeem'd not only to caſt many favourable aſpects, but by his more then ordinary influence to cooperate in their production; as will appeare to the intelligent and cleare ſighted Reader, by that conſtant veine of *gold* (the minerall which that Planet ownes more then any other) which runnes through every one of them.

Thus they go abroad unſophiſticated, and like the preſent condition of the Author himſelfe, they are expos'd to the wide world, to travell, and try their fortunes: And I beleeve there is no gentle ſoule that pretends any thing to knowledge and the choyceſt ſort of invention but will give them entertainment and welcome.

Of His MAJESTIES *receiving the newes of the Duke of* Buckinghams *death.*

SO earnest with thy God, can no new care;
No sense of danger interrupt thy prayer?
The sacred Wrestler till a blessing given
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers heaven:
Nor was the stream of thy devotion stopp'd
When from the body such a limb was lopp'd,
As to thy present state was no lesse maime,
Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
Bold *Homer* durst not so great vertue fain
In his best patterne of *Patrolus* slaine,
With such amazement as weake mothers use,
And frantick gesture he receives the news:
Yet fell his darling by th'impartiall chance
Of war, impos'd by Royall *Hector's* lance.
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torne from thy bosome left his high command.
The famous Painter can allow no place
For private sorrow in a Princes face:
Yet that his price might not exceed beliefe,
He cast a vail upon supposed griefe.
'Twas want of such a president as this
Made the old heathen frame their god amisse.

Their *Phœbus* should not act a fonder part
For the fair boy, then he did from his heart;
Nor blame for *Hiacinthus* fate his owne (known.
That kept from him wish'd death, had'st thou bin

Yet he that weighs with thine good *Davids* deeds,
Shall finde his passion, not his love exceeds.
He curst the mountaines where his brave friend dy'd,
But left false *Ziba* with his heir divide:
Where thy mortall love to thy blest friends,
Like that of heaven upon their seed descends.
Such huge extreams inhabit thy great minde,
God-like unmov'd, and yet like woman kinde;
Which of thy ancient Poets had not brought
Our *Charles* his pedigree, from heaven and taught
How some bright dame compress by mighty *Iove*
Produc'd this mixt divinity and love?

To the King on his Navy.

VVHere ere thy Navy spreads her canvas wings
Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings:
The French and Spaniard when thy flags appear
Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.
So *Iove* from *Ida* did both hoasts survey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray.
Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed.
Thou on the deep impos'st stricter lawes,
And by that justice hast remov'd the cause
Of those rude tempests which for rapine sent,
Too oft alas, involv'd the innocent.

Now

Now ſhall the Ocean as thy Thames be free
From both thoſe fates of ſtormes and piracie:
But we moſt happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegaſean horſe.
'Tis not ſo hard for greedy foes to ſpoyle
Another Nation as to touch our ſoyle.
Should natures ſelfe invade the world againe,
And ore the center ſpread the liquid maine:
Thy power were ſafe, and her diſtractive hand,
Would but enlarge the bounds of her command.
Thy dreadfull fleece would ſtile thee Lord of all,
And ride in triumph ore the drowned ball.
Thoſe towers of oake ore fertile plaines might goe
And viſit mountains where they once did grow.
The worlds reſtorer once could not endure
That finiſh'd Babell ſhould thoſe men ſecure:
Whoſe pride deſign'd, that fabricks ſhould have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond floud.
To thee his choſen more indulgent he
Dares truſt ſuch power with ſo much piety.

Upon His MAJESTIES *repairing of* PAULS.

THat ſhipwrackt veſſel which th'Apoſtle bore
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon Melitas ſhore,
Then did his Temple in the ſea of time
(Our Nations glory, and our Nations crime.)
When the firſt Monarch of this happy Iſle
Mov'd with the ruine of ſo brave a pile,
This worke of coſt and piety begun
To be accompliſh'd by his glorious Son;

Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wife fire, has to perfection brought.
He like *Amphion* makes thoſe quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
For in his art of Regiments is found
A power like that of harmony in ſound.

Thoſe antique minſtrels ſure were *Charles* like Kings,
Cities their lutes, and ſubjects hearts their ſtrings;
On which with ſo divine a hand they ſtrook
Conſent of motion from their breath they took.
So all our mindes with his conſpire to grace
The Gentiles great Apoſtle, and deface
Thoſe State obſerving ſheds, that like a chaine
Seem'd to confine and fetter him againe;
Which the glad Saint ſhakes off at his command
As once the viper from his ſacred hand:
So joyes the aged Oake when we divide
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd ſide.

Ambition rather would effect the fame
Of ſome new ſtructure; to have born her name
Two diſtant vertues in one act we finde
The modeſty, and greatneſſe of his minde;
Which not content to be above the rage
And injury of all impairing age,
In its owne worth ſecure, doth higher clime,
And things half ſwallow'd from the jaws of time
Reduce an earneſt of his grand deſigne
To frame no new Church, but the old refine:
Which Spouſe-like may with comly grace command
More then by force of argument or hand.
For doubtfull reaſon few can apprehend,
And war brings ruine, where it ſhould amend.

But

But beauty with a bloodleſſe conqueſt findes
A welcome ſovereignty in rudeſt minds.

Not ought which *Sheba's* wondring Queen beheld
Amongſt the works of *Solomon* excell'd,
His ſhips and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art:
While the propitious heavens this worke attend,
Long wanted ſhowres they forget to ſend;
As if they meant to make it underſtood
Of more importance then our vitall food.

The Sun which riſeth to ſalute the quire,
Already finiſh'd, ſetting ſhall admire
How private bounty could ſo far extend;
The King built all, but *Charles* the Weſterne end:
So proud a fabrick to devotion given,
At once it threatneth and obligeth heaven.

Laomedon that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the ſacred day,
Could no ſuch ſtructure raiſe, Troy wall'd ſo high,
Th'Atrides might as well have forc'd the ſky.

Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings
To ſee ſuch power employ'd in peacefull things.
They liſt not urge it to the dreadfull field,
The taske is eaſier to deſtroy, then build.

Of the danger of His Majesty (*being Prince*) *escaped all the rode at Saint* Andere.

NOr had his Highneſſe bid farewell to *Spaine*,
And reacht the ſphere of his own power the main.
With Britiſh bounty in his ſhip he feaſts,
Th'Heſperian Princes, his amazed gueſts;
To finde that watry wilderneſſe exceed
The entertainment of their great *Madrid*.
Healths to both Kings attended with the rore
Of Cannons eccho'd from th'affrighted ſhore;
With loud reſemblance of his thunder prove
Bacchus the ſeed of cloud compelling *Iove*;
While to his harpe divine, *Arion* ſings
The loves and conqueſts of our Albion Kings.
Of the fourth Edward *was his noble ſong,*
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautifull and young.
He rent the Crowne from vanquiſht Henries *head,*
Rais'd the white roſe, and trampled on the red:
Till love triumphing ore the victors pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd ſide:
Neglected Warwick (whoſe bold hand like fate
Gives and reſumes the Scepter of our State)
Woos't for his maſter, and with double ſhame
Himſelfe deluded, mocks the Princely dame.
The Lady Bona *whom juſt anger burnes,*
And forreigne war with civill rage returnes:
Ah ſpare your ſwords where beauty is too blame,
Love gave th'affront, and muſt repaire the ſame:
When France ſhall boaſt of her whoſe conquering eies
Have made the beſt of Engliſh hearts their prize;
Have power to alter the decree of fate,
And change againe the councels of our State.

What

What the Prophetick muſe intends alone
To him that feels the ſecret wound is knowne:
With the ſweet ſound of this harmonious lay
About the keele delighted Dolphins play:
Too ſure a ſigne of Seas enſuing rage,
Which muſt anon this Royall tröope engage:
To whom ſoft ſleep ſeems more ſecure and ſweet
Within the Towne commanded by our fleet.
Theſe mighty Peers plac'd in the guilded Barge,
Proud with the burden of ſo brave a charge;
With painted oars the youth begin to ſweep
Neptunes ſmooth face, and cleave the yelding deep,
Which ſoon becomes the ſeat of ſudden war
Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar;
As when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them ſalute ſo rudely breaſt to breaſt,
That their encounters ſeem too rough for jeſt.
They ply their feet, and ſtill the reſtleſſe ball
Toſt too and fro is urged by them all.
So fares the doubtfull Barge 'twixt tide and winds,
And like effect of their contention finds:
Yet the bold Britaines ſtill ſecurely row'd,
Charles and his vertue was their ſacred load:
Then which a greater pledge heaven could not give
That the good boat, this tempeſt ſhould outlive:
But ſtorms encreaſe, and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the Princes face.
The reſt reſigne their courage, skill and ſight
To danger, horrour, and unwelcome night.
The gentle veſſell wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of ſilver Thames to ride;
Wanders Aſtoniſh'd in the angry maine
As *Titans* car did, while the golden raine

Fill'd the young hand of his adventrous ſon
When the whole world an equall hazard run
To this of ours: the light of whoſe deſire,
Waves threaten now, as that was skar'd by fire.

The impatient ſea grows impotent and raves
That (night aſſiſting) his impetuous waves
Should finde reſiſtance from ſo light a thing:
Theſe ſurges ruine, thoſe our ſafety bring.
Th'oppreſſed veſſell doth the charge abide,
Only becauſe aſſail'd on every ſide.
So men with rage and paſſion ſet on fire,
Trembling for haſte impeach their mad deſire.

The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear;
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To ſee the Prince with danger mov'd no more
Then with the pleaſures of their court before.
God-like his courage ſeem'd whom nor delight
Could ſoften, nor the face of death affright.
Next to the power of making tempeſts ceaſe
Was in that ſtorme, to have ſo calme a peace.

Great *Maro* could no greater tempeſt faine
When the loud windes uſurping on the maine;
For angry *Juno* labour'd to deſtroy
The hated reliques of confounded Troy:
His bold *Eneas*, on like billows toſt
In a tall ſhip, and all his Countries loſt:
Diſſolves with fear, and both his hands upheld,
Proclaimes them happy whom the Greeks had quel'd.

In honourable fight our *Hero* ſet
In a ſmall ſhallow fortune in his debt:

So

So neare a hope of Crowns and Scepters more
Then ever *Priam*, when he flouriſh'd, wore
His loynes yet full of ungot Princes, all
His glory in the bud; lets nothing fall,
That argues fear: if any thought anoyes
The gallant youth, 'tis loves untaſted joyes,
And deare remembrance of that fatall glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France:
Where he had ſeen a brighter Nimph then ſhe
That ſprung out of his preſent foe; the ſea
That noble ardor more then mortall fire,
The conquered ocean could not make expire:
Nor angry *Thetis*, raiſe her waves above
The heroique Prince, his courage, or his love.
'Twas indignation, and not feare he felt,
The ſhrine ſhould periſh where that Image dwelt.

Ah love forbid, the nobleſt of thy ſtraine
Should not ſurvive to let her know his paine:
Who nor his perill minding, nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſſe ſerious game
Among the bright Nimphs of the Gallique Court,
All highly borne, obſequious to her ſport:
They roſes ſeem within their early pride,
But halfe reveal, and halfe their beauties hide.
She the glad morning which her beams doth throw
Upon their ſmiling leafes, and gild them ſo:
Like brihht *Aurora*, whoſe refulgent Ray
Foretells the fervour of enſuing day:
And warnes the ſhepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafie ſhadows from the threatned heat,

From *Cupids* ſtring of many ſhafts that fled
Wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble fame had ſhed;

As through the wondring world she flew and told
Of his adventures haughty, brave and bold:
Some had already touch'd the Royall maid.
But loves first summons seldome are obey'd.
Light was the wound the Princes care unknowne,
She might not, would not, yet reveale her owne.

His glorious name had so possest her eares,
That with delights, those antique tales she heares
Of *Iason*, *Theseus*, and such Worthies old,
As with his story best resemblance hold.

And now she viewes, as on the wall it hung
What old *Musæus* so divinely sung:
Which art with life and love did so inspire
That she discernes, and favours that desire;
Which there provokes th'adventrous youth to swim,
And in *Leanders* dangers pities him;
Whose not new love alone but fortune seeks
To frame his story like that amorous Greeks.

For from the sterne of some good ship appears,
A friendly light which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing ore the waves that taper make;
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair *Heroes* hand extends.

The Ship at anchor like a fixed rock
Breaks the proud billows which her large sides knock;
Whose rage restrained foming higher swells,
And from her port the weary barge repells;
Threatning to make her forced out againe,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled maine.

Twice

Twice was the cable hurl'd in vaine; the fates
Would not be moved for our ſiſter States:
For *England* is the third ſucceſſefull throw,
And then the Genius of that Land they know:
Whoſe Prince muſt be (as their owne books deviſe)
Lord of the Scene, where now the danger lyes.
Well ſung the Roman Bard, all humane things
Of deareſt value, hang on ſlender ſtrings.
O ſee the then ſole hope, and in deſigne
Of heaven our joy ſupported by a line:
Which for that inſtant was heavens care above
The chaine thats fixed to the throne of *Jove*;
On which the fabricke of our world depends,
One linck diſſolv'd, the whole creation ends.

To the QUEEN, *occaſioned upon ſight of her* MAJESTIES *Picture.*

WEll fare the hand which to our humble ſight
Preſents that beauty which the dazling light
Of Royall ſplendor hides from weaker eyes:
And all exceſſe (ſave by this art) denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory, here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive;
The gracious Image ſeeming to give leave
Propitious ſtands, vouchſafing to be ſeen;
And by our muſe ſaluted
Mighty Queen.

In whom th'extreams of power and beauty move
The Queen of Brittain and the Queen of Love.

As

As the bright Sun (to which we owe no sight)
Of equall glory to your beauties light,
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat
T'extend his light, and moderate his heat.
So happy 'tis you move in such a sphere
As your high Majesty with awfull fear,
In humane breasts might qualifie that fire
Which kindled by those eyes had flamed higher,
Then when the scorched world like hazard run
By the approach of the ill guided Sun.
No other Nimphs have title to mens hearts,
But as their meanesse larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
With admiration then his private loves;
With admiration for a pitch so high
(Save sacred *Charles* his) never love durst flye.
Heaven that preferr'd a Scepter to your hand
Favour'd our freedome, more then your command.
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have bin
The whole worlds mistris, other then a Queen.
All had bin Rivals; and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd without a guard.
No power atchiev'd, either by arms or birth
Equalls loves empire, both in heaven and earth.
Such eyes as yours, on *Jove* himselfe have throwne
As bright and fierce a lightning as his owne:
Witnesse our *Jove* prevented by their flame
In his swift passage to the Hesperian dame.
When (like a Lion) finding in his way
To some intended spoile a fairer prey.
The Royall youth pursuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallique Court:
There publique care with private passion fought
A doubtfull combate in his noble thought.

Should

Should he confesse his greatnesse, and his love,
And the free faith of your great brother prove,
With his Achates breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise which did their graces shroud;
And mixing with those gallants at the ball,
Dance with the Ladies and outshine them all:
Or on his journey ore the mountaines ride;
So when the fair *Lencothee* he espy'd
To check his steeds; impatient *Phebus* earn'd,
Though all the world was in his wars concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian doe,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosome so:
Not so divine a flame, since deathlesse gods
Forbore to visite the defil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortall breast did burne,
Nor shall till piety and they returne.

The Apology of sleep:

For not approaching the Lady who can do any thing but sleep when she pleaseth.

MY charge it is, those breaches to repaire
Which nature takes from sorrow, toil and care,
Rest to the limbs and quiet, I confer
On troubled minds; but nought can adde to her
Whom heaven & her transcendent thoughts have plac'd
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.

Bright as the deathlesse gods, and happy she
From all that may infringe delight, is free:

Love

Love at her Royall feet his quiver layes,
And not his mother with more haſte obeyes.
Such reall pleaſures, ſuch true joyes ſuſpence,
What dream can I preſent to recompence?

Should I with lightning fill her awfull hands,
And make the clouds ſeem all at her commands;
Or place her in *Olimpus* top, a gueſt
Among th'mortalls who with Nectar feaſt:
That power would ſeem that entertainment ſhort
Of the true ſplendor of her preſent Court;
Where all the joyes and all the glories are
Of three great Kingdomes, ſever'd from the care.
I that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Aſcending doe the ſeat of ſenſe invade.
No cloud in ſo ſerene a manſion finde
To over-caſt her ever ſhining minde,
Which holds reſemblance with thoſe ſpotleſſe skies,
Where flowing *Nilus* want of raine ſupplies.
That chriſtal heaven, where *Phœbus* never ſhrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.

But what ſo hard which numbers cannot force,
So ſtoops the moon, and rivers change their courſe.
The bold *Mœonian* made me dare to ſteep
Jovés dreadfull temples in the dew of ſleep.
And ſince the Muſes do invoke my power,
I ſhall no more decline that ſacred bower
Where *Gloriana* their great miſtreſſe lyes,
But gently taming thoſe victorious eyes,
Charme all her ſenſes; till the joyfull Sun
Without a rivall halfe his courſe has run:
Who while my hand that fairer light confines
May boaſt himſelf the brighteſt thing that ſhines.

The

The Country to my Lady of Carlile.

Madam:

OF all the ſacred Muſe inſpir'd,
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his ſong admir'd,
And natures ſelfe in thoſe that could lye.
Your beauty next our ſolitude invades,
And warms us ſhining, through thickeſt ſhades.

Nor ought the tribute which the wondring Court,
Paies your fair eies, prevail with you to ſcorne
The anſwer and conſent to the report
Which eccho-like the Country doth return,
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our ſprings
Preſent th'impartiall images of things.

A rurall judge diſpos'd of beauties prize,
A ſimple ſhepherd was preferr'd to *Jove*,
Down to the mountains from the partial skies
Came *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that which was ſo juſtly given
To the bright *Carlile* of the Court of Heaven.

Carlile a name which all our words are taught,
Loud as his Amarillis to reſound.
Carlile a name which on the barke is wrought
Of every tree thats worthy of the wound.
From *Phœbus* rage, our ſhadows, and our ſtreams,
May guard us better then from *Carliles* beams.

The

The Counteſſe of Carlile *in mourning.*

WHen from black clouds no part of skie is clear
But juſt ſo much as lets the Sun appear:
Heavens then would ſeem thy image, and reflect
Thoſe ſable veſtments, and that bright aſpect.
A ſparke of vertue by the deepeſt ſhade
Of ſad adverſity is fairer made;
Nor leſſe advantage doth thy beauty get
A *Venus* riſing from a ſea of jet.
Such was the appearance of new formed light
While yet it ſtrugled with eternall night:
Then mourne no more leſt thou admit encreaſe
Of glory by thy noble Lords deceaſe.
We finde not that the laughter loving dame
Mourn'd for *Anchiſes*; 'twas enough ſhe came
To grace the mortall with her deathleſſe bed,
And that his living eyes ſuch beauty fed:
Had ſhe bin there untimely joy through all
Mens hearts diffus'd, had mar'd the funerall.
Thoſe eyes were made to baniſh griefe: as well
Bright *Phœbus* might affect in ſhades to dwell,
As they to put on ſorrow; nothing ſtands
But power to grieve, exempt from thy commands:
If thou lament, thou muſt doe ſo alone
Griefe in thy preſence, can lay hold on none:
Yet ſtill perſiſt the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty *Jove*:
Who by the power of his enchanting tongue
Swords from the hands of threatning Monarchs wrung
War he preſented, or ſoon made it ceaſe,
Inſtructing Princes in the arts of peace:

Such

Such as made *Sheba's* curious Queen reſort
To the large hearted Hebrews famous Court.
Had *Homer* ſate among his wondring gueſts,
He might have learn'd at thoſe ſtupendious feaſts,
With greater bounty, and more ſacred ſtate
The banquet of the gods to celebrate.
But O! what elocution might he uſe,
What potent charmes that could ſo ſoon infuſe
His abſent maſters love into the heart
Of *Henrietta* forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, Country, and the Sun,
And like *Camilla* ore the waves to run
Into his armes, while the Pariſian dames
Mourne for their raviſh't glory at her flames?
No leſſe amaz'd then the amazed ſtars,
When the bold charmer of Theſſalia wars
With heaven it ſelfe, and numbers does repeat,
Which call diſcending *Cinthia* from her ſeat.

In anſwer to, &c.

VVHat fury has provok't thy wit to dare
With *Diomed*, to wound the queen of love
Thy miſtris envy, or thine owne deſpair?
Not the juſt *Pallas* in thy breaſt did move.
So blind a rage with ſuch a different fate,
He honour won, where thou haſt purchaſt hate.

She gave aſſiſtance to his Trojan foe;
Thou that without a rivall thou maieſt love,
Doſt to the beauty of thy Lady owe,

While after her the gazing world does move
Canſt thou not be content to love alone,
Or is thy miſtris not content with one?

Haſt thou not read of fairy *Arthurs* ſhield,
Which but diſcloſ'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudeſt foe, and won the doubtfull field?
So ſhall thy Rebell wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambecks ſwell into a book,
All were confuted with one Radiant loook.

Heaven he oblig'd that place her in the skies,
Rewarding *Phœbus*, for inſpiring ſo
His noble braine by likening to thoſe eyes
His joyfull beams, but *Phœbus* is thy foe:
And neither ayds thy fancy nor thy ſight,
So ill thou rim'ſt againſt ſo faire a light.

On my Lady Dorothy Sidneyes *Picture.*

SUch was *Philoclea*, and ſuch *Dorus* flame,
The matchleſſe *Sidney* that immortall frame
Of perfect beauty on two pillars plac't;
Not his high fancy could one patterne grac't:
With ſuch extreams of excellence compoſe
Wonders ſo diſtant in one face diſcloſe:
Such cheerfull modeſty, ſuch humble ſtate,
Moves certaine love, but with as doubtfull fate;
As when beyond our greedy reach we ſee
Inviting fruit on too ſublime a tree.
All the rich flowers through his *Arcadia* found
Amaz'd we ſee, in this one garland bound.

Had

Had but this copy which the Artiſts tooke
From the fair picture of that noble Book,
Stood at *Calanders* the brave friends had jarr'd,
And Rivalls made, the enſuing ſtory marr'd.
Juſt nature firſt inſtructed by his thought
In his own houſe thus practiz'd what he taught.
This glorious piece tranſcends what he could think:
So much his blood is nobler then his ink.

To Vandike.

RAre *Artiſan*, whoſe penſill moves
Not our delights alone, but loves:
From thy ſhop of beauty, we
Slaves return that enter'd free.
The headleſſe lover does not know
Whoſe eyes they are that wound him ſo:
But confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart:
Another who did long refrain
Feels his old wound bleed freſh again;
With deare remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hopes of grace:
Nor ſcorne, nor cruelty does finde,
But gladly ſuffers a falſe winde
To blow the aſhes of deſpaire
From the reviving brand of care:
Foole that forget'ſt her ſtubborne looke,
This ſoftneſſe from thy finger tooke:
Strange that thy hand ſhould not inſpire
The beauty only but the fire:

Not the forme alone and grace,
But act and power of a face:
May'ſt thou yet thy ſelfe as well,
As all the world beſide excell;
So thou th'unfeigned truth rehearſe
(That I may make it live in verſe)
Why thou couldſt not at one aſſay
That face to after times convey,
Which this admires; was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee ſit?
Confeſſe, and wee'l forgive thee this,
For who would not repeat that bliſſe,
And frequent ſight of ſuch a dame
Buy with the hazard of his fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameleſſe skill,
Though thy good hand had failed ſtill?
When natures ſelfe ſo often erres,
She for this many thouſand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women faire;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the earth:
Which waxed old ere it could ſee
Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.
But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortall colours grow,
That could this deathleſſe piece compoſe
In lillies, or the fading roſe:
No for this theft thou haſt clim'd higher
Then did *Prometheus* for his fire.

At Penſ-hurſt.

WHile in this Parke I ſing, the liſtning Deere
Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear.
When to the Beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads as if they felt the ſame:
To Gods appealing, when I reach their bowrs
With loud complaints, they anſwer me in ſhowrs.
To thee a wilde and cruell ſoule is given,
More deaf then trees, & prouder then the heaven.
Loves ſo profeſt, why doſt thou falſely faine
Thy ſelfe a *Sidney?* from which noble ſtraine
He ſprung, that could ſo far exalt the name
Of love, and warme our Nation with his flame:
That all we can of love or high deſire,
Seems but the ſmoak of amorous *Sidneyes* fire:
Nor call her mother who ſo well doe prove,
One breaſt may hold both chaſtity and love:
Never can ſhee, that ſo exceeds the ſpring
In joy and bounty, be ſuppos'd to bring
One ſo deſtructive, to no humane ſtock
We owe this fierce unkindneſſe; but the rock,
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whoſe ſide
Nature to recompence the fatall pride
Of ſuch ſtern beauty, plac'd thoſe healing ſprings
Which not more helpe then that deſtruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder then the rugged ſtone,
I might like *Orpheus* with my numerous moan
Melt to compaſſion; now my traitrous ſong,
With thee conſpires to do the ſinger wrong:
While thus I ſuffer not my ſelfe to loſe
The memory of what augments my woes:

But with my owne breath ſtill foment the fire
Which flames as high as fancy can aſpire.
This laſt complaint th'indulgent ears did pierce
Of juſt *Apollo* Preſident of verſe
Highly concerned, that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to ſing:
Thus he adviſ'd me on yon aged tree,
Hang up thy lute, and high thee to the ſea,
That there with wonders thy diverted minde
Some truce at leaſt may with affection finde.
Ah cruell Nimph from whom her humble ſwaine
Flies for reliefe unto the raging maine:
And from the windes and tempeſts doth expect
A milder fate then from her cold neglect:
Yet there hee'le pray that the unkinde may prove
Bleſt in her choice, and vows this endleſſe love
Springs from no hope of what ſhe can confer
But from thoſe gifts which heaven has heap'd on her.

At Penſ-hurſt.

HAd *Dorothea* liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this ſacred ſhade
Had held an altar to her power that gave
The peace and glory, which theſe alleys
Embroydred ſo with flowers where ſhe ſtood,
That it became a garden of wood:
Her preſence has ſuch more then humane grace
That it can civilize the rudeſt place,
And beauty too, and order can impart
Where nature nere intended it, nor art.

The

The plants acknowledge this, and her admire
No leſſe then thoſe of old did *Orpheus* Lire:
If ſhe ſit downe with tops all toward her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd:
Or if ſhe walke, in even ranks they ſtand
Like ſome well marſhall'd and obſequious band.
Amphion ſo made ſtones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap;
And in the ſymetry of her parts is found
A power like that of harmony in ſound.
Yea lofty beeches tell this matchleſſe dame
That if together ye feed all on one flame;
It could not equalize the hundred part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.
Goe boy and carve this paſſion on the barke
Of yonder tree, which ſtands the ſacred marke
Of noble *Sidneyes* birth; when ſuch benigne,
Such more then mortall making ſtars did ſhine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love:
His humble love whoſe hope ſhall nere riſe higher
Then for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of Leiceſter.

NOt that thy trees at Penſ-hurſt grove
Oppreſſed with their timely load,
And ſeem to make their ſilent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taſte or eye
Would ſpend themſelves in fruit and dye.

Not that thy harmleſſe Deere repine,
And thinke themſelves unjuſtly ſlaine
By any other hand then thine,
Whoſe arrows they would gladly ſlaine:
No nor thy friends which hold too deare
That peace with France which keeps thee there.

All theſe are leſſe then that great cauſe,
Which none exacts your preſence here,
Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of publique and domeſtique care.
For one bright Nimph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright ſhield of *Thetis* ſun,
For which ſuch fierne debate did riſe,
That the great *Ajax*, *Telemon*
Refus'd to live without the prize.
Thoſe Achave Peers did more engage,
Then ſhe the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty which begun
To warme us ſo when thou wert here,
Now ſcorches like the raging ſun
When *Syrius* does firſt appeare.
O fix this flame, and let deſpaire
Redeem the reſt from endleſſe care!

To my young Lady Lucy Sidney.

WHy came I ſo untimely forth
Into a world which wanting thee

Could

Could entertaine us with no worth
Or ſhadow of felicity?
That time ſhould me ſo far remove
From that which I was borne to love.

Yet faireſt bloſſome doe not ſlight
That age which you muſt know ſo ſoon,
The roſie morne reſignes her light,
And milder glory to the moon:
And then what wonders ſhall you doe,
Whoſe dawning beauty warmes us ſo?

Hope waits upon the flowry prime,
And ſummer though it be leſſe gay,
Yet is not look't on as a time
Of declination or decay.
For with a full hand that doth bring
All that was promis'd by the ſpring.

Of the Lady who can ſleep when ſhe pleaſes.

NO wonder ſleep from carefull lovers flyes
To bathe himſelf in *Sacharissa's* eyes.
As faire *Astrea* once from earth to heaven
By ſtrife and loud impiety was driven:
So with our plaints offended, and our tears
Wiſe *Somnus* to that Paradiſe repaires,
Waits on her will, and wretches does forſake
To court the nimph for whom thoſe wretches wake:
More proud then *Phœbus* of his throne of gold
Is the ſoft god thoſe ſofter limbs to hold:

Nor

Nor would exchange with *Jove* to hide the skies
In darkning clouds the power to close her eyes:
Eyes which so far all other lights controul,
They warme our mortall parts, but these our soule:
Let her free spirit whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet and untroubled rest:
Know that though *Venus* and her son should spare
Her Rebell heart, and never teach her care:
Yet Hymen may inforce her vigils keep,
And for anothers joy suspend her sleep.

Of the mis-report of her being painted.

AS when a sort of Wolves infest the night
With their wilde howlings at fair *Cinthia's* light,
The noyse may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the mistresse of the skies:
So with the news of *Sacharissa's* wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues.
Call love to witnesse that no painted fire
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire:
While unconcerned she seems mov'd no more
With this new malice then our loves before:
But from the height of her great mind looks down
On both our passions without smile or frown:
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame whom heaven affecteth so,
Paints her: 'tis true with the same hand which spreads
Like glorious colours through the flowry meads.
When lavish nature with her best attire
Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire.

Paints

Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorne
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe paints the morne:
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe gildeth ſo
Thoſe painted clouds which forme *Thaumantias* bow.

Of her paſſing through a crowd of people.

AS in old Chaos Heaven with earth confus'd,
And ſtars with rocks together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
The Sun his light no further could extend
Then the next hill which on his ſhoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright *Sachariſſa* far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her guard:
As ſhips though never ſo obſequious, fall
Foule in a tempeſt on their Admirall;
A greater favour this diſorder brought
Unto her ſervants then their awfull thought
Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſt
The yeelding marble of her ſnowy breaſt:
While love inſults diſguiſed in a cloud,
And welcome force of the unruly crowd.
So th'amorous tree while yet the aire is calme
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired palme.
But when the winde her raviſh't branches throws
Into her armes, and mingles all their bows;
Though loath he ſeems her tender leaves to preſſe,
More loath he is that friendly ſtorme ſhould ceaſe:
From whoſe rude bounty, he the double uſe
At once receives of pleaſure and excuſe.

SONG.

SONG.

SAy lovely dreame, where couldſt thou finde
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kinde,
Come not from any mortall race.

In heaven it ſelfe thou ſure wer't dreſt
With that Angell-like diſguiſe;
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But ah this Image is too kinde
To be other then a dream!
Cruell *Sacharissa's* minde
Never put on that ſweet extream.

Faire dream if thou intend'ſt me grace
Change that heavenly face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meager let it looke,
With a pity moving ſhape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſſe Nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo
Softly in her ſleeping ear,
With humble words expreſſe my woe.

Perhaps

Perhaps from greatneſſe, ſtate, and pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And death reſembling equalls all.

SONG.

BEhold the brand of beauty toſt;
See how the motion does delate the flame:
Delighted love his ſpoyles does boaſt,
And triumph in this game.
Fire to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder and our fear,
Moving the mind,
Like lightning hurled through the aire.

High heaven the glory does encreaſe
Of all her ſhining lamp this artfull way,
The Sun in figures ſuch as theſe
Joyes with the Moon to play.
To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which doe reſult from their owne feare
As the Nimphs dance,
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

To Amorett.

FAire that you may truly know
What you unto *Thirſis* owe,

I will

I will tell you how I doe
Sachariſſa love and you.

Joy ſalutes me when I ſet
My bleſt eyes on *Amoret*:
But with wonder I am ſtrooke
When I on the other looke.

If ſweet *Amoret* complaines,
I have ſence of all her paines;
But for *Sachariſſa*, I
Doe not only grieve, but die.

All that of my ſelfe is mine
Lovely *Amoret* is thine;
Sachariſſa's captive faine
Would untie his iron chaine.

And thoſe ſcorching beames to ſhun
To thy gentle ſhadow run:
If the ſoule had free election
To diſpoſe of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty *Sachariſſa's* ſcorne;
But 'tis ſome pure power above,
Which controuls our will in love.

If not love, a ſtrong deſire
To create and ſpread that fire
In my breaſts, ſolicites me
Beauteous *Amoret* for thee.

Tis amazement more then love
Which her radiant eyes doe move;

If

If leſſe ſplendor wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine.

I would turne my dazelled ſight
To behold their milder light,
But as hard tis to deſtroy
That high flame, as to enjoy;
Which, how eaſily I may doe
Heaven (as eaſily ſcal'd) do'es know:
Amoret as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious food,
Which but taſted doth impart
Life and goodneſſe to the heart.
Sachariſſa's beauty, wine,
Which to madnes doth incline.
Such a liquor as no braine
That is mortall can ſuſtaine.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuſe
That Devotion which I uſe
Unto that adored Dame;
For tis not unlike the ſame
Which I thither ought to ſend;
So that if it could take end
T'would to Heaven it ſelfe be due
To ſucceed her and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not Idolatry;
Which though not ſo fierce a flame
Is longer like to be the ſame.

Then ſmile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is ſhorter liv'd, then Love.

The

The ſtory of Phœbus *and* Daphne *appli'd.*

Thirſis a youth of the inſpired traine,
Fair *Sacharissa* lov'd, but lov'd in vaine:
Like *Phœbus* ſung the no leſſe amorous boy,
Like *Daphne* ſhe as lovely and as coy:
With numbers he the flying Nimph purſues,
With numbers ſuch as *Phœbus* ſelfe might uſe:
Such is the chaſe when love and fancie leads
Ore craggy mountaines and through flowry meads;
Invoke to teſtifie the lovers care,
Or forme ſome image of his cruell fair:
Urg'd with his fury like a wounded Deere,
Ore theſe he fled, and none approaching near;
Had reacht the nimph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charmes could not incline to ſtay.
Yet what he ſung in his immortall ſtraine,
Though unſucceſſefull, was not ſung in vaine:
All but the Nymph that ſhould redreſſe his wrong,
Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong.
Like *Phœbus* thus acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catcht at love, and fill'd his arme with bayes.

Of Mrs. Ardea.

BEhold, and liſten while the faire
Breaks in ſweet ſounds and willing aire,
And with her owne breath fanns the fire
Which her bright eyes doe firſt inſpire:

What

What reaſon can that love controule,
Which more then one way courts the ſoule?

So when a flaſh of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For humane aid, which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from heaven it came.
But if the winde with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not but deplore the fire.

On the diſcovery of a Ladies *painting.*

P*Igmaleons* fate reverſt is mine,
His marble love tooke fleſh and bloud;
All that I worſhip is divine:
That beauty now 'tis underſtood,
Appears to have no more of life
Then that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet who apprehend
Some ſudden cauſe of cauſleſſe fear,
Although that ſeeming cauſe take end,
And they behold no danger near:
A ſhaking through their limbs they finde
Like leaves ſaluted by the winde.

So though the beauty doe appeare,
No beauty which amaz'd me ſo,
Yet from my breaſt I cannot tear
The paſſion which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy raſe
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A reall beauty though too neer,
The fond *Narcissus* did admire;
I dote on that which is no where,
The signe of beauty steeds my fire:
No mortall flame was ere so cruell
As this which thus survives the fewell.

To a Lady from whom he received a Silver Pen.

Madam,

INtending to have tride
The silver favour which you gave,
In ink the shining point I dide,
And drencht it in the sable wave:
When griev'd to be so fowly stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppose you had deserv'd to take
From her faire hand so faire a boone,
Yet how deserved I to make
So ill a change, who ever woon
Immortall praise for what I wrought,
Instructed by her noble thought.

I that expressed her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely Dames,
Alwayes most welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names.
Must now be taught an humble stile
Some meaner beauty to beguile.

So I the wronged pen to pleaſe,
Make it my humble thanks expreſſe
Unto your Ladiſhip in theſe,
And now tis forced to confeſſe
That your great ſelf did here indite;
Nor that to one more noble write.

On a brede of divers colours, woven by foure Ladyes.

TWice twenty ſlender virgin finger twine,
This curious web where all their fancies ſhine;
As Nature them, ſo they this ſhade have wrought
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not *Juno's* bird when his faire traine diſpread,
He woes the female to his painted bed:
No not the bow which ſo adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dies.

On the head of a Stag.

SO we ſome antique *Hero's* ſtrength
Learn by his launces, weight and length;
As theſe vaſt beams expreſſe the beaſt,
Whoſe ſhadie browes alive they dreſt.
Such game while yet the world was new,
The mighty *Nimrod* did purſue.
What Huntſman of our feeble race,
Or dogs dare ſuch a monſter chaſe?

Resembling with each blow he strikes
The change of a whole troop of Pikes:
O fertile head which every yeare
Could such a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing;
Which might it never have been cast
Each years growth added to the last:
These lofty branches had supply'd
The earths bold sons prodigious pride:
Heaven with these engines had bin scal'd
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

To a Lady in retirement.

SEes not my love how time resumes
The glory which he lent these flowers;
Though none should taste their sweet perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few houres,
Time what we forbear devoures.

Had *Helen*, or th' Ægyptian Queen,
Bin here so thrifty of their graces,
Those beauties must at length have bin
The spoyle of age which finds out faces
In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
A barren drought or ceaseless showre
Upon the Autumne or the Spring;
And spare us neither fruit nor flower
Winter would not stay an houre.

Could

Could the reſolve of loves neglect
Preſerve ye from the violation
Of comming years, then more reſpect
Were due to ſo divine a faſhion,
Nor would I divulge my paſſion.

The Miſers ſpeech in a Mask.

BAlls of this mettall ſlack'd *Atlanta's* pace,
And on the amorous youth beſtow'd the race:
Venus, the Nymphs mind meaſuring by her own,
Whom the rich ſpoyles of Cities overthrown
Had proſtrated to *Mars* could well adviſe
Th'adventrous lover how to gain the priſe:
Nor leſſe may *Jupiter* to gold aſcribe,
When he turn'd himſelfe into a bribe:
Who can blame *Diana* or the brazen tower,
That they which ſtood not the Almighty ſhowre;
Never till then did love make *Jove* put on:
A forme more bright and noble then his owne?
Nor were it juſt would he reſume that ſhape
That ſlack devotion ſhould his thunder ſcape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd *Apollos* wrong
Thoſe Aſſes ears on *Mida's* Temple hung;
But fond repentance of his happy wiſh,
Becauſe his meat grew mettall like his diſh.
Would *Bacchus* bleſſe me ſo, Ide conſtant hold
Unto my wiſh, and dye creating gold.

To my Lord of Northumberland upon the death of his Lady.

TO this great losse a Sea of Tears is due,
But the whole debt not to be paid by you:
Charge not your self with all, nor render vain
Those showers the eyes of us your servants raine.
Shall grief contract the largeneſſe of that heart,
In which nor fear nor anger has a part?
Vertue wou'd bluſh, if time ſhould boaſt (which cries,
Her ſole child dead their tender mothers eyes)
Your minds relief, where reaſon triumphs ſo
Over all paſſions, that they here could grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breaſt,
To harm another, or impeach your reſt.
This we obſerv'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great ſelf ſtray:
Whoſe milde example ſeemed to engage
Th'obſequious Seas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave *Emilius* his great charge laid down,
(The force of *Rome*, and fate of *Macedon*)
In his loſt ſons did feel, the cruell ſtroke
Of changing fortune, and thus highly ſpoke
Before *Romes* people; we did oft implore
That if the Heavens had any ill in ſtore,
For your *Emilius* they would powre it ſtill
On his own Houſe, and let you flouriſh ſtill.
You on the barren Sea (my Lord) have ſpent,
Whole Springs and Summers to the publique lent:

Suſpended

Suſpended all the pleaſures of your life,
And ſhortned the ſhort joy of ſuch a wife.
For which your Countrey's more obliged then
For many lives of old, leſſe happie men.
You that have ſacrific'd ſo great a part
Of youth and private bliſſe, ought to impart
Your ſorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight:
Then with *Emilian* courage bear this croſſe,
Since publique perſons onely publique loſſe
Ought to affect, and though her form and youth,
Her application to your will and truth,
That noble ſweetneſſe, and that humble ſtate
All ſnatcht away by ſuch a haſty fate,
Might give excuſe to any common breſt,
With the huge weight of ſo ſuch grief oppreſt.
Yet let no portion of your life be ſtain'd
With paſſion, but your character maintain'd
To the laſt act; it is enough her Stone
May honoured be with ſuperſcription
Of the ſole Lady, who had power to move
The great *Northumberland* to grieve and love.

To my Lord Admirall of his late ſickneſſe and Recovery.

VVIth joy like ours the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' *Eliſian* ſhades,
Embrace the *Hero*, and his ſtay implore,
Make it their publick ſuit, he would no more

Desert them so, and for his Spouses sake,
His vanish't love tempt the Lethean lake:
The Ladyes too the brightest of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to clime.
Their doubtfull hopes with expectation feed
Who shall the faire *Euridice* succeed:
Euridice for whom his num'rous moan
Makes listning trees, and salvage mountains groan:
Through all the aire his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch our hearts of late:
Your pining sickness and your restless pain,
At once the land affecting, and the main,
When the glad news that you were Admirall,
Scarce through the Nation spread 'twas fear'd by all:
That our great *Charles*, whose wildome shines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuse anew.
So more then private was the joy and griefe,
That at the worst, it gave our soules reliefe:
That in our age such sense of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and justly griev'd:
Nature her fairest lights eclipsed seems
Her selfe to suffer in those sharpe extreams;
While not from thine alone thy bloud retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threatned, and the sap in thee
Droop all the branches of that noble tree:
Their beauty they and we our loves suspend,
Nought can our wishes, save thy health intend:
As lillies overcharg'd with raine they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend
Fold thee within their snowy armes, and cry
He is too faultlesse, and too young to dye:
So like immortalls round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away:

Who

Who would not languiſh by ſo fair a train,
To be lamented and reſtor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoule would go,
Though to the bleſt, ore young *Adonis* ſo?
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the pretious ſhowre
Of her warme tears cheriſh't the ſpringing flower.
The next ſupport fair hope of your great name,
And ſecond pillar of that noble frame:
By loſſe of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſues thee to the grave.
And now relentleſſe fate about to end
The line which backward does ſo far extend,
That antique ſtock which ſtill the world ſupplyes
With braveſt ſpirits, and with brighteſt eyes.
Kinde *Phœbus* interpoſing bid me ſay
Such ſtorms no more ſhall ſhake that houſe, but they
Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-borne neece ſhall be
The ſhining glories of the Land and Sea:
With courage guard, and beauty warme our age,
And lovers fill with like Poetique rage.

On the friendſhip betwixt Sacharilla *and* Amorett.

TEll me lovely loving paire,
Why ſo kinde, and ſo ſevere?
Why ſo careleſſe of our care,
Only to prove your ſelves ſo deare?

By

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of love controule,
While the boyes deluded darts,
Can arrive at neither ſoule.

For in vain to either breaſt
Still beguiled love does come,
Where he finds a forrain ghueſt,
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like deſigne,
When they never meane to pay:
That they may the Law decline,
To ſome friend make all away.

Not the ſilver Doves that flie,
Yoak't in *Citherea's* carr,
Not the wings that lift ſo high,
And convey her ſon ſo farre.

Are ſo lovely, ſweet, and faire,
Or do more enable love,
Are ſo choicely matcht a paire,
Or with more content do move.

A la Malade.

AH lovely *Amoret* the care
Of all that know whats good or faire;
Is Heaven become our Rivall too,
Had the rich gifts confer'd on you.

So

So amply thence the common end,
Of giving Lovers to pretend.
Hence to this pining sickneſſe (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no power is given,
Thy beauties to impaire the heaven:
Solicites thee with such a care,
As Roſes from their ſtalks we tare:
When we would ſtill preſerve them new,
And freſh as on the buſh they grew.
With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain
That languiſh in you, conquer more,
And wound us deeper then before.
The lightnings which in ſtormes appear,
Scorch more then when the skies are clear.
And as pale ſickneſſe does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that faire lodging ſtill more clear,
Make the bright ghueſt your ſoul appear.
So Nimphs ore pathleſſe mountains born,
Their light robes by the brambles torn
From their faire limbs, expoſing new
And unknown beauties to the view,
Of following gods increaſe their flame,
And haſte to catch the flying Game.

Of her Chamber.

THey taſte of death that do at Heaven arive,
But we this Paradiſe approach alive.

Inſtead

Inſtead of death the dart of love does ſtrike,
And renders all within, theſe walls alike:
The high in titles and the ſhepheard here
Forgets his greatneſſe, and forgets his fear:
All ſtand amaz'd and gazing on the faire
Looſe thought of what themſelves or others are:
Ambition looſe, and have no other ſcope,
Save *Carliles* favour to imploy their hope.
The Thracian could (though all thoſe tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders doe,
Before his feet, ſo ſheep and Lions lay
Fearleſſe and wrathleſſe while they heard him play
The Gay, the wiſe, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdu'd alike all, but one paſſion have:
No worthy minde but finds in hers there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:
Whileſt ſhe with cheerfull, but impartiall grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like *Phœbus*, ſo divides her light,
And warmes us that ſhe ſtoops not from her height.

Of loving at firſt ſight.

NOt caring to obſerve the winde,
Or the new ſea explore,
Snatch't from my ſelfe how far behinde,
Already I behold the ſhore.

May not a thouſand dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth boſome of this deep?
No: 'tis ſo rockleſſe, and ſo clear,
That the rich bottome does appear

Pav'd.

Pav'd all with pretious things not torne
From ſhipwrackt veſſells, but there borne.

Sweetneſſe, truth, and every grace,
Which time and youth are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her face
Some other Nymph with colours faint.
And penſill ſlow may *Cupid* paint;
And a weake heart in time deſtroy,
She has a ſtamp and prints the boy,
Can with a ſingle look inflame
The coldeſt breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

The ſelfe baniſhed.

IT is not that I love you leſſe
Then when before your feet I lay:
But to prevent the ſad encreaſe
Of hopeleſſe love, I keep away.

In vain (alas) for every thing
Which I have knowne belong to you:
Your forme does to my fancy bring,
And make my old wounds bleed anew.

Whom the ſpring from the new ſun,
Already has a feaver got;
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun
Which *Phœbus* through his veines has ſhot.

Too

Too late he would the paine asswage,
And to thick shadowes does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted bloud the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break you may mistrust
The vow I make to love you too.

Of the Queene.

THe Larke that shuns on lofty bough to build
Her humble nest, lyes silent in the field:
But if the promise of a cloudlesse day,
Aurora smiling bids her rise and play:
Then straight she shews 'twas not for want of voice,
Or power to climbe, she made so low a choice;
Singing she mounts, her angry wings are stretch't
Towards heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetcht.

So we retiring from the busie throng,
Use to restrain th'ambition of our song;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court indulgent to her rage:
Thither my Muse, like bold *Prometheus* flyes
To light her torch at *Gloriana's* eyes.

Those sovereign beams which heal the wounded soul,
And all our cares, but once beheld controul;
There the poor lover that has long endur'd
Some proud Nimphs scorne, of his fond passion cur'd;

Fares

Fares like the man who firſt upon the ground
A glow-worme ſpy'd, ſuppoſing he had found
A moving Diamond, a breathing ſtone
(For life it had, and like thoſe jewells ſhone:)
He held it dear till by the ſpringing day
Inform'd he threw the worthleſſe worme away.

She ſaves the lover as we gangreen ſtay
By cutting hope like a lop't limb away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuſe
High heaven, and theſe expoſtulations uſe:
Could nature then no private woman grace
(Whom we might dare to love) with ſuch a face,
Such a complexion, and ſo radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and ſuch ſharp replies?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our ſight,
What envious power has plac't this glorious light?

Thus in a ſtarry night fond children cry
For the rich ſpangles that adorne the skie,
Which though they ſhine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd,
Her bounty and compaſſion to mankind:
To whom while ſhe ſo far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promiſe of her face:
For mercy has (could mercies ſelfe be ſeen)
No ſweeter looke then this propitious Queen;
Such guard and comfort the diſtreſſed finde
From her large power, and from her larger minde,
That whom ill fate would ruine, it prefers,
For all the miſerable are made hers.
So the fair tree whereon the Eagle builds
Poore ſheep from tempeſt, and their ſhepheard ſhields.

The

The Royall bird poſſeſſes, all the bows,
But ſhade and ſhelter to the flock allowes.

Joy of our age, and ſafety of the next,
For which ſo oft thy fertile wombe is vext:
Nobly contented, for the publique good
To waſte thy ſpirits, and diffuſe thy bloud:
What vaſt hopes may theſe Iſlands entertain,
Where Monarchs thus deſcended are to reigne?
Led by commanders of ſo fair a line,
Our Seas no longer ſhall our power confine.

A brave Romance who would exactly frame,
Firſt brings his Knight from ſome immortall Dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming ſhield,
Bright as his mothers eyes he makes him weild.
None might the mother of *Achilles* be,
But the fair pearle, and glory of the Sea.
The man to whom great *Maro* gives ſuch fame
From the high bed of heavenly *Venus* came;
And our next *Charles*, (whom all the ſtars deſigne
Like wonders to accompliſh) ſprings from thine.

SONG.

GOe lovely roſe,
Tell her that waſts her time and me,
That now ſhe knows
When I reſemble her to thee
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell

Tell her thats young,
And ſhuns to have her grace ſpy'd
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſarts where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her ſelfe to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then dye that ſhe,
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair.

Thirſis, Galatea.

Th. AS lately I on Silver Thames did ride,
Sad *Galatea*, on the banck I ſpy'd:
Such was her looke as ſorrow taught to ſhine,
And thus ſhe grac't me with a voice divine.

Gal. You that can tune your ſounding ſtrings ſo well
Of Ladies beauties, and of love to tell;
Once change your note, and let your Lute report
The juſteſt griefe that ever touch't the Court.

Th. Fair Nimph, I have in your delights no ſhare,
Nor ought to be concerned in your care:

Yet would I ſing if I your ſorrows knew,
And to my aid invoke no Muſe but you.

Gal. Hear then, and let your ſong augment our grief
Which is ſo great as not to wiſh reliefe:
She that had all which nature gives or chance,
Whom fortune joyn'd with vertue to advance,
To all the joyes this Iſland could afford
The greateſt Miſtris, and the kindeſt Lord:
Who with the Royall mixt her Noble bloud,
And in high grace with *Gloriana* ſtood.
Her bounty, ſweetnes, beauty, goodnes, ſuch,
That none ere thought her happines too much:
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kinde to all, as Heaven had bin to her;
The virgins part, the mother, and the wife,
So well ſhe acted in this ſpan of life;
That though few years (too few alas) ſhe told,
She ſeem'd in all things but in beauty old.
As unripe fruit, whoſe verdant ſtalks doe cleave
Cloſe to the tree, which grieves no leſſe to leave
The ſmiling pendant which adornes her ſo,
And untill Autumne, on the bough ſhould grow:
So ſeem'd her youthfull ſoul not eaſily forc't,
Or from ſo fair, ſo ſweet a ſeat divorc't:
Her fate at once did haſty ſeem and ſlow,
At once too cruell and unwilling too.

Th. Under how hard a law are mortalls born,
Whom now we engage, we anon muſt mourn:
What Heaven ſets higheſt, and ſeems not to prize,
Is ſoon removed from our wondring eyes:
But ſince the ſiſters did ſo ſoon untwine
So fair a thread, Ile ſtrive to peece the line.

Vouch-

Vouchſafe ſad Nymph to let me know the Dame,
And to the Muſes Ile commend her name:
Make the wide Country eccho to your moan,
The liſtning trees and ſavage mountains groan:
What rocks not moved when the death is ſung
Of one ſo good, ſo lovely, and ſo young.

Gal. 'Twas *Hamilton* whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her; griefe lets me ſay no more.

Tabula Phœbi & Daphnis.

Arcadia juvenis Thirſis, Phœbiq; ſacerdos,
Ingenti fruſtra Galatea ardebat amore.
Haud Deus ipſe olim Daphni majora canebat,
Nec fuit aſperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:
Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per ſaxa, volans per florida vates
Paſcua, formoſam nunc his componere Nimphan.
Hunc illis crudelem inſana mente ſolebat:
Audiit illa procul miſerum Citheramq; ſonantem,
Audiit at nullis reſpexit mota querelis;
Ne tamen omnino caneret, deſertus ad alta
Sidera perculſi, referunt nova carmina montes;
Sic non quæſitis cumulatus laudibus olim
Elapſa reperit Daphni ſua laurea Phœbus.

The battell of the Summer Islands.

Canto I.

What fruit they have, and how heaven smiles
Vpon those late discover'd Isles.

AIde me *Bellona* while the dreadfull fight
Betwixt a Nation and two Whales I write:
Seas stain'd with goar, I sing advent'rous toyle,
And how these Monsters did disarme an Isle.
Bermudas wall'd with rocks, who does not know
That happy Island where huge Lemons grow,
And Orange trees which golden fruit doe bear,
Th'Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair?
Where shining pearle, corall, and many a pound
On the rich shore, of Amber-greece is found:
The lofty Cedar which to heaven aspires,
The Prince of trees is fewell for their fires:
The smoak by which their loaded spits do turne
For incense, might on sacred Altars burn.
There private roofs on od'rous timber borne,
Such as might Pallaces for Kings adorne:
The sweet *Palmettas*, a new *Bacchus* yeeld
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield:
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit carrowsing, where their liquor grows:
Figs there unplanted through the fields doe grow,
Such as fierce *Cato* did the Romans shew;
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoyle,
Carthage the mistris of so rich a soyle:
The naked rocks are not unfruitfull there,
But at some constant seasons every year:

Their

Their barren top with loucious food abound,
And with the egges of various fowles are crown'd:
Tobacco is their worſt of things which they
To Engliſh Land-lords as their Tribute pay:
Such is the mould, that the bleſt Tennant feeds
On pretious fruits, and payes his rent in weeds:
With candid plantines and the juicy Pine,
On choiceſt Melons and ſweet Grapes they dine,
And with Potato's fat their wanton Swine:
Nature theſe Cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Powres out among them, that our courſer Land
Taſtes of that bounty, and does Cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament is worne:
For the kinde Spring which but ſalutes us here
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe fruits and bloſſomes, on the ſame trees live,
At once they promiſe what at once they give:
So ſweet the aire, ſo moderate the clime,
None ſickly lives, or dyes before his time.
Heaven ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt
To ſhew how all things were created firſt:
The tardy plants in our cold Orchards plac't,
Reſerve their fruits for the next ages taſte:
There a ſmall graine in ſome few months will be
A firme, a lofty, and a ſpacious tree:
The Parmachriſti, and the fair Papah,
Now but a ſeed (preventing natures law)
In halfe the circle of the hafty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruit doe wear:
And as their trees in our dull Region ſet
But faintly grow, and no perfection get:
So in this Northerne tract our hoarſer throats
Utter unripe and ill conſtrained notes,
Where the ſupporter of the Poets ſtile,

Phœbus on them eternally does ſmile.
O how I long my careleſſe limbs to lay
Under the plantanes ſhade, and all the day
With am'rous eyes my fancy entertaine,
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my veine:
No paſſion there in my free breaſts ſhould move,
None but the ſweet and beſt of paſſions love:
There while I ſing if gentle love be by
That tunes my lute, and winds the ſtrings ſo high:
With the ſweet ſound of *Sacharissa's* name,
Ile make the liſtning ſalvages grow tame.
But while I doe theſe pleaſing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

Canto II.

Of their affright, and how their foes
Diſcovered were, this Canto ſhews.

THough Rocks ſo high about this Iland riſe,
That well they may the num'rous Turk deſpiſe;
Yet is no humane fate exempt from fear (hear
Which ſhakes their hearts, while through the Ile they
A laſting noiſe, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.
Three dayes they dread this murmur ere they know
From what blind cauſe th'unwonted ſound may grow:
At length two monſters of unequall ſize
Hard by the ſhore a fiſher man eſpies;
Two mighty Whales, which ſwellings Seas had toſt,
And left them priſoners on the rocky coaſt;
One as a mountaine vaſt, and with her came
A Cub not much inferior to his Dam:

Here

Here in a poole among the Rocks ingag'd,
They roar'd like Lions caught in toyles and rag'd:
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had ſeen the like lye murdered on the ſhore,
By the wild fury of ſome tempeſt caſt
The fate of ſhips and ſhipwrackt men to taſte;
As careleſſe dames whom wine and ſleep betray
To frantick dreams their Infants overlay:
So there ſometime the raging Ocean failes,
And her owne brood expoſes when the Whales
Againſt ſharpe Rocks like reeling veſſels quaſh't,
Though huge as mountains, are in peeces daſh't;
Along the ſhore their dreadfull limbs lye ſcatter'd,
Like hills with earthquakes ſhaken, torn and ſhatter'd:
Heart ſure of braſſe they had who tempted firſt,
Rude Seas that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcome news through all the Nation ſpread,
To ſudden joy and hope converts their dread.
What lately was their publique terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certaine prey;
Diſpoſe already of th'untaken ſpoyle,
And as if purchaſe of their future toyle,
Theſe ſhare the bones, and they divide the oyle:
So was the Huntſman by the Bear oppreſt,
Whoſe hide he ſold before he caught the beaſt.

They man their Boats, and all their young men arm
With whatſoever may the Monſters harme;
Pikes, holberts, ſpits and darts, that wound ſo far
The tools of peace, and inſtruments of war:
Now was the time for vigrous lads to ſhew
What love or honour could invite them too;
A goodly Theatre where rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely laſſes crown'd:

Such was the lake which held this dreadfull pare
Within the bounds of noble *Warwicks* ſhare:
Warwicks bold Earle, then which no title bears
A greater ſound among our Britiſh Peers;
And worthy he the memory to renew
The fate and honour, to that title due;
Whoſe brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world ſpread his growing fame.
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

Canto III.

The bloudy fight, ſucceſſeſſe toyle,
And how the Fiſh ſack'd the Iſle.

THe Boat which on the firſt aſſault did goe
Stroke with a harping Iron the younger foe;
Who when he felt his ſide ſo rudely goar'd
Loud as the Seas that nouriſh't him he roar'd;
As a broad bream to pleaſe ſome curious taſte,
While yet alive in boyling water caſt;
Vex't with unwonted heat, boyles, flings about
The ſcorching braſſe, and hurles the liquor out:
So with the barbed Javeling ſtung, he raves,
And ſcourges with his tayle the ſuffering waves;
Like fairy *Talus* with his iron flayle,
He threatens ruine with his pondrous tayle;
Diſſolving at one ſtroak the battered Boat,
And downe the men fall drenched in the moat:
With every fierce encounter they are forc't
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhorſt.

The

The bigger Whale like ſome huge Carrack lay,
Which wanteth Sea roome, with her foes to play;
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when provok'd ſhe woud
Advance her tail, her head ſalutes the mud.
The ſhallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vaine her tails impetuous ſwinge.
The ſhining ſteele her tender ſides receive,
And there like Bees they all their weapons leave.
This ſees the Cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumbred mother and her foes:
With deſperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tayl confounds.
Their ſurges joyn'd, the Seas with billows fill,
And make a tempeſt, though the winds be ſtill.
Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wiſh this cub away:
Their wiſh they have, he to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came,
Before her ſwims, and quits the hoſtile lake,
A priſ'ner there, but for his mothers ſake.
She by the Rocks compell'd to ſtay behind,
Is by the vaſtneſſe of her bulks confin'd.
They ſhout for joy, and now on her alone
Their furie fals, and all their darts are thrown:
Their launces ſpent; one bolder then the reſt
With his broad ſword provok'd the ſluggiſh beaſt:
Her oyly ſide devoures blade and heft,
And there his Steel the bold Bermudian left.
Courage the reſt from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake.
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded ſide,
As if they would prevent the tardie tide;
And raiſe the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatall ſtreight.

She swims in blood, and blood do's spouting throw
To heaven, that Heaven mens cruelties might know.
Their fixed javelings in her side she weares,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears.
You would have thought had you the monster seen
Thus dreſt, she had another Island been:
Roaring she teares the ayre with such noise,
(As well resembled with conspiring voice
Of routed Armies, when the field is won)
To reach the ears of her escaped son.
He (though a league escaped from the foe)
Hasts to her aid, the pious Trojan so
Neglecting for *Creusas* life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning Town,
The men amazed blush to see the seed
Of monsters, humane pietie exceed,
Well proves this kindnesse what the Grecians sung,
That loves bright mother from the Ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and hopelesse now they wish
For composition with th'unconquer'd fish:
So she their weapons would restore again,
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.
But how instructed in each others mind,
Or what commerce can men with monsters find.
Not daring to approach their wounded so,
Whom her couragious son protected so:
They charge their musket, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire.
Standing alooffe with lead, they bruise the scales,
And tare the flesh of the incensed Whales.
But no successe their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatall wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to send
For the loud Engines which their Isle defend.

But

But what those peices fram'd to batter walls
Would have effected on those mighty Whales,
Great *Neptune* will not have us know, who finds
A tyde so high that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms,
Much blood the Monsters lost, and they their Arms.

Vpon the death of my Lady Rich.

MAy those already curst *Essexian* plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickneſſe raigns,
Prove all a Desart, and none there make stay,
But savage beasts, or men as ill as they.
There the faire light which all our Island grac'd,
Like *Hero's* taper in the windows plac'd;
Such fate from the malignant ayre did find,
As that exposed to the boyſtrous wind.
Ah cruell Heaven to snatch so soon away
Her, for whose life had we had time to pray,
With thousand vows and tears we should have sought,
That sad decrees suspension to have wrought.
But we (alas) no whisper of her pain,
Heard till twas sin to wish her here again.
That horrid word at once like lightning spread,
Strook all our eares, The Lady *Rich* is dead.
Heart rending news, and dreadfull to those few
Who her reſemble, and her steps pursue.
That death should licence have to rage among
The faire, the wise, the vertuous, and the young.
The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce battell born,
With goared hand and vail so rudely torne:

Like

Like terror did among th'immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that Godesses might bleed:
All stand amazed, but beyond the rest
Th'heroique Dame whose happie wombe she blest,
Mov'd with just grief expostulates with Heaven,
Urging that promise to th'obsequious given,
Of longer life, for nere was pious soul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to controul.
A skilfull eye at once, might read the race
Of Caledonian Monarchs in her face;
And sweet humility her look and mind,
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to doe:
So gentle and severe, that what was bad
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all, but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithfull, loyall and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rowling lights of Heaven, as change her course.
Some happie Angel that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here:
And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world weele make her graces known.
So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art and power of speech is waste.
Here passion swayes; but there the Muse shall raise
Eternall monuments of louder praise.
There our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Faire *Sacharissa*, and now onely faire,
To sacred friendship weele an Altar rear:
Such as the *Romanes* did erect of old,
Where on a marble pillar shall be told

The

The lovely paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſſe paire,
Narciſſus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like then yours to her fair mind:
Save that you grac'd the ſeverall part of life,
A ſpotleſſe Virgin, and a faultleſſe wife.
Such was the ſweet converſe twixt her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her aſſociates now.
How falſe is hope, and how regardleſſe fate,
That ſuch a love ſhould have ſo ſhort a date?
Lately I ſaw her ſighing part from thee
(Alas that that the laſt farewell ſhould be!)
So look't *Aſtræa*, her remove deſign'd
On thoſe diſtreſſed friends ſhe left behind:
Conſent in vertue knit your heart ſo faſt,
That ſtill the knot in ſpight of death does laſt:
For as your tears and ſorrow-wounded ſoule
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:
So all we know of what they doe above
Is that they happy are, and that they love;
Let darke oblivion and the hollow grave
Content themſelves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well choſen love is never taught to dye,
But with our nobler part invades the skie:
Then grieve no more, that one ſo heavenly ſhap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age eſcap'd;
Rather ſince we beheld her not decay,
But that ſhe vaniſh'd ſo entire away:
Her wondrous beauty and her goodneſſe merit,
We ſhould ſuppoſe that ſome propitious ſpirit,
In that Cœleſtiall forme frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceaſes to appeare.

To

To the Queen Mother upon her Landing.

GReat *Queen* of *Europe* where thy off-spring weare
All the chief Crowns, whose Princes are thy heirs
As welcome thou to Sea girt *Brittains* shore,
As erst *Latona* (who faire *Cinthia* bore)
To *Delos* was. Here shines a Nymph as bright,
By thee disclos'd, with like increase of light.
Why was her joy in *Belgia* confin'd?
Or why did you so much regard the wind?
Scarce could the Ocean (though inrag'd) have tost
Thy Soveraign bark; but where th' obsequious Coast
Pay tribute to thy bed: *Romes* conquering hand
More vanquish'd Nations under her command,
Never reduc'd: glad *Berecinthia*, so
Among her deathlesse Progenie did goe,
A wreath of Towers adorn'd her reverend head,
Mother of all that on Ambrosia fed:
Thy godly race must sway the age to come,
As shee *Olympus*, peopled with her wombe,
Would those Commanders of mankind obey
Their honoured Parent, all pretences lay
Down at your Royall feet, compose the jarres,
And on the growing Turk discharge these warres:
The Christian Knights that sacred tomb should wrest,
From Pagan hands, and triumph o're the East.
The *Englands* Princes, and *Gallias* Dolphin might
Like young *Rinaldo*, and *Tancredo* fight
In single combate; by their swords again
The proud *Argantes*, and fierce *Soldans* slain.
Again, might wee their deeds recite,
And with your *Thuscan* exalt the fight.

Sorg.

SONG.

PEace babling Muſe,
I dare not ſing what you indite:
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write.
She ſtrikes my Lute, but if it ſound,
Threatens to hurle it on the ground.
And I no leſſe her anger dread,
Then the poore wretch that fains him dead.
While ſome fierce Lion does embrace
His breathleſſe corps, and lick his face.
Wrap't up in ſilent fears he lies,
Torn all in peices if he cries.

Of Love.

ANger in haſty words or blows,
It ſelf diſcharges on our foes.
And ſorrow too, finds ſome relief,
In tears which wait upon our grief.
So every paſſion but fond love
Unto its own redreſſe does move.
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own deſignes:
Makes him lament, and ſigh, and weep,
Diſordred, tremble, fawn and creep,
Poſtures which render him deſpiſ'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.

For

For women born to be controul'd
Stoop to the forwards and the bold,
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay and frollick, and the loud;
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage life and force
Approaching, tam'd th'unruly horse:
Unwisely we, the wiser East
Pity supposing them oppress
With Tyrants force whose law is will,
By which they governe, spoyle and kill
Each Nymph, but moderately faire,
Command with no lesse rigour here.
Should some brave Turke that walks among
His twenty Lasses bright and young,
And beckens to the willing Dame
Preferr'd to quench his present flame:
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent feare,
All to our female Idoll bend,
Whilest her high pride does scarce descend;
To marke their follyes he would sweare
That these her guard of Eunucks were;
And that a more Majestique Queen,
Or humbler slaves he had not seen.
All this with indignation spoke,
In vaine I strugled with the yoke
Of mighty love, that conquering looke,
When next beheld like lightning stroke
My blasted soule, and made me bow
Lower then those I pitied now.
So the tall Stag upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink:

Sur-

Surveying there his armed head,
With ſhame remembers that he fled.
The ſcorned dogs reſolves to try
The combates next, but if their cry
Invades again his trembling eare,
He ſtraight reſumes his wonted fear.
Leaves the untaſted Spring behind,
And wing'd with fear out-flyes the wind.

To the mutable faire.

HEre *Cælia* for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo neer my heart:
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the conſtancie,
And that I may ſucceſſefull prove,
Transform my ſelf to what you love.
Fool that I was ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple vertues you deſpiſe.
Fool that with ſuch dull arrows ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove.
For you that are in motion ſtill,
Decline our force, and mock our skill.
Who like *Don Quixot* do advance
Againſt a Wind-mill our vain launce.
Now will I wander through the aire,
Mount make a ſtoop at every faire,
And with a fancy unconfin'd
(As lawleſſe as the Sea or wind)
Purſue you whereſoere you flie,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formall ſtars do travell ſo,
As we their names and courſes know,
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think they govern'd by our books.
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any Art, the motion uſ'de:
By thoſe free vapours are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpair to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide.
And therefore of the ſpatious aire
Joves royall conſort had the care:
And by that power did once eſcape,
Declining bold *Ixions* rape.
She with her own reſemblance grac'd,
A ſhining cloud which he embrac'd.
Such was that Image ſo it ſmil'd,
With ſeeming kindneſſe which begun'd
Your *Thirſis* lately when he thought
He had his fleeting *Cœlia* caught.
Twas ſhap'd like her, but for the faire
He fill'd his armes with yeelding aire.
A fate for which he grieves the leſſe,
Becauſe the gods had like ſucceſſe.
For in their ſtory one (we ſee)
Purſues a Nymph, and takes a tree.
A ſecond with a Lovers haſte
Soon overtakes whom he had chac't.
But ſhe that did a virgin ſeem
Poſſeſt, appears a wandring ſtream.
For his ſuppoſed love a third
Layes greedy hold upon a bird:
And ſtands amaz'd to find his deare,
A wilde inhabitant of th'ayre.

To

To theſe old tales ſuch Nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new.
The Am'rous now like wonders find
In the ſwift changes of your mind.
But *Cœlia* if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend:
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live repeat the ſame.
Again deceive him and again,
And then he ſwears hee'l not complain.
For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the pleaſures Lovers know.
Who, like good Faulkners take delight,
Not in the quarrey, but the flight.

Of Salley.

OF *Jaſon*, *Theſeus* and ſuch worthies old,
Light ſeeme the tales antiquity has told:
Such beaſts and monſters as their force oppreſt
Some places onely, and ſometimes infeſt.
Salley that ſcorn'd all power and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den.
And future ages threatning with a crude
And ſavage race ſucceſſively renew'd.
Their king deſpiſing with rebellious pride,
And foes profeſt to all the world beſide,
This peſt of mankind gives our *Hero* fame,
And through th'obliged world dilates his name.
The Prophet once to cruell *Agag* ſaid,
As thy fierce ſword has mothers childleſſe made:

So ſhall the ſword make thine: and with that word
He hew'd the man in peices with his ſword.
Juſt *Charles* like meaſure has return'd to theſe,
Whoſe Pagan hands had ſtain'd the troubled Seas;
With ſhips they made the ſpoiled Merchant mourn,
With ſhips their City and themſelves are torn.
One ſquadron of our winged Caſtles ſent
Ore-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent.
For not content the dangers to encreaſe,
And act the part of tempeſt in the Seas,
Like hungry Woolves theſe pirates from our ſhore,
Whole flocks of ſheep and raviſh'd cattell bore.
Safely they did on other Nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Soveraigne of the Sea.
Mad *Cacus* ſo whom like ill fate perſwades
The heard of faire *Alcmena's* ſeed invades.
Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and cruſh'd that horrid theif.
Moroccos Monarch wondring at this fact,
Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
Had come in perſon to have ſeen and known
The injur'd worlds revenger, and his own.
Hither he ſends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his bark well choſen preſents bears
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poore captives manumiz'd and matchleſſe horſe.

To Mrs. Braughton.

FAire fellow ſervant may your gentle eare
Prove more propitious to my ſleighted care:

Then

Then the bright Dames we ſerve, for her relief,
(Vext with the long expreſſions of my grief)
Receive theſe plaints, nor will her high diſdain
Forbid my humble Muſe to court her train.
So in thoſe Nations which the Sun adore,
Some modeſt *Perſian*, or ſome weak ey'd *More*,
No higher dares advance his dazled ſight
Then to ſome gilded cloud, which neer the light
Of their aſcending God adorns the Eaſt,
And graced with his beams out-ſhines the reſt.
Thy skilfull hand contributes to our woe,
And whets thoſe arrows which confounds us ſo:
A thouſand *Cupids* in thoſe curls do ſit,
Thoſe curious nets thoſe ſlender fingers knit.
The graces put not more exactly on
Th'attire of *Venus*, when the ball ſhe won,
Then *Sachariſſa* by thy care is dreſt,
When all our youth prefers her to the reſt.
You the ſoft ſeaſons know when beſt her mind
May be to pity or to love enclin'd,
In ſome well choſen houre ſupply his fear,
Whoſe hopeleſſe love durſt never tempt the eare
Of that ſtern goddeſſe you (her Prieſt) declare
What offerings may propitiate the faire
Rich orient pearl, bright ſtones that neer decay,
Or polliſht lines which longer laſt then they.
For if I thought ſhe took delight in thoſe,
To where the cheerfull morne does firſt diſcloſe,
(The ſhadie night removing of[illegible]r beams)
Wing'd with bold love, Ide flie to fetch ſuch gems.
But ſince her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
All that is found in mines, or fiſhes ſhels:
Her nobler part as far exceeding theſe,
None but immortall gifts her mind can pleaſe.

Thoſe ſhining Iewels *Greece* and *Troy* beſtow'd,
The ſnowy wriſts and lovely neck did load,
Of *Sparta's* Queen. But when the town was burn'd,
Thoſe fading glories were to Aſhes turn'd:
Her beauty too had periſh'd, and her fame,
Had not the muſe redeem'd them from the flame.

Puerperium.

YOu Gods that have the power,
To trouble, and compoſe
All thats beneath your bower,
Calme ſilence on the Seas, on earth impoſe.

Faire *Venus* in thy ſoft armes,
The God of rage confine,
For thy whiſpers are the charmes
Which onely can divert his fierce deſign.

What though hee frown, and to tumult do incline,
Thou the flame,
Kindled in his breaſt can'ſt tame,
With that ſnow which unmelted lies on thine?

Great Goddeſſe give this thy ſacred Iſland reſt,
make heaven ſmile,
That no ſtorm diſturb us, while
Thy chief care our *Halcyon* builds her neſt.

Great *Gloriana*: faire *Gloriana*,
Bright as high heaven is, and fertile as earth,
Whoſe

Whoſe beauty relieves us,
Whoſe royall bed gives us
Both glory and peace.
Our preſent joy and our hopes increaſe.

To Phillis.

PHillis, why ſhould wee delay
Pleaſures ſhorter then the day?
Could wee (which wee never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span?
Beauty like a ſhaddow flies,
And our youth before us dies,
Or would youth and beauty ſtay,
Love hath wings and will away.
Love hath ſwifter wings then time,
Change in love to heaven does clime.
Gods that never change their ſtate,
Varyed oft their love and hate.
Phillis, to this truth wee owe,
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our paſt deſire,
On what Shepherds you have ſmil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.
Leave it to the Planets too,
What wee ſhall hereafter doe:
For the joyes wee now may prove,
Take advice of preſent love.

To Phillis:

Phillis, twas love that injur'd you,
And on that rock your *Thirsis* threw,
Who for proud *Cælia* could have dy'd,
Whilst you no lesse accus'd his pride.
Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing springs from what hee sowes,
From foes discharg'd as often meet,
The shining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide aire creating fire,
As soules that joyn in one desire.
Love made the lovely *Venus* burn
In vain, and for the cold youth mourn;
Who the pursuite of churlish beasts,
Preferr'd to sleeping on her breasts.
Love makes so many hearts the prize,
Of the bright *Calisles* conquering eyes,
Which shee regards no more then they,
The teares of lesser beauties weigh.
So have I seen the lost clouds powre,
Into the sea a useleſse shower,
And the vext Saylers curse the rain,
For which poore shepherds pray'd in vain.
Then *Phillis*, since our passions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care
But sport of Heaven, which takes delight
To look upon this *Parthian* flight
Of Love, still flying or in chase,
Never incountring face to face.
No more to love weele sacrifice,
But to the best of Deities.

And

And let our hearts which love disjoyn'd,
By his kind Mother bee combin'd.

SONG.

VVHile I liſten to thy voyce,
Chloris, I feel my life decay,
That powerfull noyſe
Calls my flitting ſoule away.
Oh ſuppreſſe that Magick ſound,
VVhich deſtroyes without a wound!

Peace *Chloris* peace, or finging die,
That together you and I,
To heaven may goe,
For all wee know:
Of what the bleſſed doe above
Is that they ſing, and that they love.

SONG.

STay *Phœbus*, ſtay,
The world to which you flye ſo faſt:
Conveying day,
From us to them can pay your haſt,
VVith no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
VVith no ſuch wonder, as *de Mornay's* eyes.

VVell

Well doe this prove,
The errour of thoſe Antique bookes,
Which made you move,
About the world her charming lookes
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling earth ſnatch her away.

To Amoret.

Amoret, thy milky way,
Fram'd of many nameleſſe ſtarres,
The ſmooth ſtream where none can ſay,
Hee this drop to that preferres.

Amoret, my lovely foe,
Tell mee where thy ſtrength does lie,
Where the power that charmes us ſo,
In thy Soule, or in thy eye?

By that ſnowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion ſeen,
No ſuch wonders could bee done:
Yet thy waſte is ſtreight and clean,
As *Cupids* ſhaft, or *Hermes* rod,
And powerfull too as either God.

To my Lord of Falkland.

BRave *Holland* lead, and with him *Falkland* goes,
Who hears this told and does not ſtreight ſuppoſe
Wee ſend the Graces and the Muſes forth,
To civilize, and to inſtruct the North?
Not that theſe Ornaments make ſwords leſſe ſharp,
Apollo weares as well his bow as harp;
And though hee bee the Patron of that Spring,
Where in calm peace, the ſacred Virgins ſing,
Hee courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Love, and caſt th' ambitious Giants down.
Ah (noble Friend) with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigall
Of thy great Soule thou art, longing to twiſt
Bayes with that Ivy, which ſo early kiſt
Thy youthfull temples? with what horror wee
Think on the blind events of warre and thee?
To Fate expoſing that all-knowing breſt,
Among the throng as cheaply as the reſt:
Where Oakes and brambles (if the copſe bee burn'd)
Confounded lye to the ſame aſhes turn'd.
Some happy wind over the Ocean blow
This tempeſt yet, which frights our Iſland ſo.
Guarded with ſhips, and all the Sea our own,
From heaven this miſchief on our heads is thrown.
In a late dream the Genius of this Land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like a faire Hebrew ſtand,
When firſt ſhee felt the twins begin to jarre,
And found her womb the ſeat of Civill warre:
Inclin'd to whoſe relief, and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent age,

Heaven

Heaven send's, quoth I, this discord for our good,
To warme, perhaps, but not to waste our blood,
To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proud neighbours, who ere long shall mourn,
(Though now they joy in our expected harmes)
Wee had occasion to resume our Armes.
A Lyon so with self-provoking smart,
His rebell taile scourging his nobler part,
Calls up his courage, then begins to roare,
And charge his foes, who thought him madde before.

Of a Lady who writ in praise of Mira.

WHile shee pretends to make the Graces known,
Of matchlesse *Mira*, shee reveales her own,
And when shee would anothers praise indite,
Is by her glasse instructed how to write.

To one marryed to an old man.

SInce thou wouldst needs, bewitcht with some ill
Bee buryed in those monumentall armes: (charms,
All wee can wish, is, may that earth lye light
Upon the tender limbs, and so good night.

For drinking of Healths.

LEt Bruites, and Vegetalls, that cannot think,
So farre as drought and nature urges drink:
A more indulgent Miſtreſſe guides our ſprights,
Reaſon, that dares beyond our appetites,
Shee would our care as well as thirſt redreſſe,
And with Divinity rewards exceſſe.
Deſerted *Ariadne* thus ſupply'd,
Did perjur'd *Theſeus* cruelty deride,
Bacchus imbrac'd from her exalted thought,
Baniſh'd the man, her paſſion, and his faut.
Bacchus and *Phœbus* are by *Jove* ally'd,
And each by others timely heat ſupply'd:
All that the Grapes owe to his lightning fires,
Is paid in numbers which their juyce inſpires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are underſtood,
To give our Friends a title to our blood:
Who naming mee, doth warme his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

To Flavia, *Song:*

TIs not your beauty can ingage
My wary heart:
The Sun in all his pride and rage,
Has not that Art:
And yet hee ſhines as bright as you,
If brightneſſe could our ſoules ſubdue.

Tis not the pretty things you say,
Nor those you write,
VVhich can make *Thirsis* heart your prey,
For that delight:
The graces of a well-taught minde,
In some of our own wee finde.

No *Flavia*, tis your love, I feare
Loves surest darts,
Those which so seldome faile him are
Headed with hearts.
Their very shaddowes make us yeeld,
Dissemble well, and win the field.

On my Lady Isabella *playing on the Lute.*

SUch moving sounds, from such a careless touch,
So unconcern'd her self, and wee so much:
VVhat Art is this, that with so little paines,
Transports us thus, and o're the spirit reignes?
The trembling strings above her fingers proud,
And tell their joy for every kisse aloud:
Small force there needs to make thee tremble so,
Touch't by that hand; who would not tremble tro?
Heer Love takes stand, and while shee charms the eare
Empties his quiver on the listning Deere:
Musick so softens and disarmes the mind,
That not an Arrow does resistance find.
Thus the faire tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts her self the triumph of her eyes.

So *Nero* once with harpe in hand, survay'd
His flaming *Rome*, and as it burnt he play'd.

The Fall.

See how the will-earth gives way
To take th'impression where she lay:
See how the mould as loath to leave
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave
Close to the Nymphs stain'd garment? here
The comming Spring would first appear,
And all this place with roses strow,
If busie feet would let them grow.
Here *Venus* smil'd to see blinde chance
It selfe, before her son advance,
And a fair image to present
Of what the Boy so long had meant:
'Twas such a chance as this made all
The World into this order fall:
Thus the first lovers, on the clay
Of which they were composed lay;
So in their prime with equall grace
Met the first patternes of our race:
Then blush not (faire) or on him frowne,
Or wonder how you both came downe;
But touch him, and heel tremble strait,
How could he then support your weight?
How could the Youth alas, but bend
When his whole heaven upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amisse were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

Of Silvia.

OUr ſighs are heard, juſt heav'n declares
The ſenſe it has of lovers cares;
She that ſo far the reſt outſhin'd,
Silvia the faire whiles ſhe was kinde;
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandſome now:
So when the skie makes us endure
A ſtorme, it ſelfe becomes obſcure.

Hence 'tis that I conceale my flame,
Hiding from *Flavia* ſelfe her name;
Leſt ſhe provoking heaven ſhould prove
How it rewards neglected love;
Better a thouſand ſuch as I
Their griefe untold ſhould pine and dye:
Then her bright morning overcaſt
With ſullen clouds ſhould be defac't.

The Budd.

LAtely on yonder ſwelling buſh,
Big with many a comming Roſe,
This early Bud began to bluſh,
And did but halfe it ſelf diſcloſe;
And pluck't it, though no better growne,
Yet now you ſee how full tis blowne:

Still

Still as I did the leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple light they ſhon
As if they had bin made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo would flame anon:
All that was meant by ayre or ſun
To the young flower my breath has done.

If our looſe breath ſo much can doe,
What may the ſame informe's of love,
Of pureſt love and muſick too
When *Flavia* it aſpires to move:
When that which life-leſſe buds perſwades
To wax more ſoft her youth invades.

To a Lady ſinging a Song of his compoſing.

Chloris your ſelfe you ſo excell
When you vouchſafe to breath my thought,
That like a ſpirit with this ſpell
Of my owne teaching I am taught.

That Eagles fate and mine are one
Which on that ſhaft that made him dye,
Eſpy'd a feather of his owne
Wherewith he meant to ſoare ſo high.

Had eccho with ſo ſweet a grace,
Narciſſus loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflexion of his face;
But of his voyce the Boy had mourn'd.

At the mariage of the Dwarffes.

THe ſigne or chance makes others wive,
But nature did this match contrive;
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled
As ſhe deny'd her little bed
To him for whom heaven ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble paire
Beneath the levell of all care;
Over whoſe heads thoſe arrows flye
Of ſad diſtruſt and jealouſie:
Secur'd in as high extream,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the faireſt Nimphs doe ſhew
Like moving mountains top't with ſnow:
And every Man a Polipheme
Does to his *Galatea* ſeem:
None may preſume her faith to prove,
He proffers death that proffers love.

Ah (*Cloris*) that kind nature thus
From all the world had ſever'd us;
Creating for our ſelves us two,
As love has me for only you.

Upon Ben. Iohnſon.

MIrror of Poets, mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy ſtage;
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd with her owne faults, indures
A remedy like thoſe whom muſique cures:
Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations:
Haſt tracked with thy All-reſembling Pen
What ever cuſtome has impos'd on men:
Or ill got habit which deſerts them ſo,
That ſcarce one brother can the brother know,
Is repreſenting to the wondring eyes
Of all that ſee or read thy Comedies:
Who ever in thoſe glaſſes looke, may finde
The ſpots return'd or graces of the minde:
And by the helpe of ſo divine an Art
At leiſure view and dreſſe his nobler part.
Narciſſus couzened by that flatt'ring Well,
And nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here diſcovering that the deform'd eſtate
Of his fond mind preſerv'd himſelfe with hate;
But vertue too as well as vice, is clad
In fleſh and bloud ſo well, that *Plato* had
Beheld what his high fancie once embrac't,
Vertue with colours, ſpeech, and motion grac't:
The ſundry poſtures of thy copious muſe,
Who would expreſſe a thouſand tongues muſt uſe;
Whoſe fate's no leſſe peculiar then thy Art,
For as thou couldſt all characters impart:
So none could render thine who ſtill eſcapes
Like *Proteus* in variety of ſhapes:

Who was, nor this, nor that, but all wee finde,
And all wee can imagine in mankinde.

To Mr. George Sands, *on his Translation of some parts of the Bible.*

HOw bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would inrich our vulgar tongue,
With the high raptures of those men,
Who here with the same spirit sung:
Wherewith they now assist the Quire
Of Angels, who their Songs admire?

What-ever those inspired soules
Were urged to expresse did shake,
The aged deep and both the Poles
Their num'rous Thunder could awake
Dull earth, which does with heaven consent,
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say (Sacred Bard) what could bestow
Courage on thee, to soare so high?
Tell mee (brave Friend) what help'd thee so
To shake off all mortality?
To light this Torch thou hast climb'd higher,
Then hee who stole Cœlestiall fire.

Chloris

Chloris and Hilas.

Chl. *Hilas* ô *Hilas* why ſit we mute,
Now that each bird ſaluteth the Spring:
Winde up the ſlackned ſtrings of thy lute,
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing?
For love thy breaſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe're is faire, moves thy deſire.

Hil. Sweeteſt you know, the ſweeteſt of things,
Of various flowers the Bee's doe compoſe,
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of Violet, Woodbind, Pink, or Roſe:
So love the reſultance is of all our graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeverall faces.

Chl. *Hilas*, the birds which chant in this grove,
Could we but know their language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant muſe:
For love their breaſts does fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they once doe chooſe, bound their deſire.

Hil. *Chloris* this change the birds doe approve,
Which the warme ſeaſon hither does bring;
Times from your ſelfe does further remove
You, then the winter from the gay Spring:
She that like lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The oak now reſembles which lightning have blaſted.

Vnder a Ladies Picture.

SUuch *Helen* was, and who can blame the Boy,
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his Troy?
But had like vertue ſhin'd in that fair Greek,
The am'rous ſhepheard had not dar'd to ſeek
Or hope for pity, but with ſilent moan,
And better fate had periſhed all alone.

In anſwer of Sir Iohn *Sucklings verſes.*

Con.

STay here fond youth, and aske no more, be wiſe,
Knowing too much, long ſince loſt Paradiſe.

Pro.

And by your knowledge we ſhould be bereft
Of all that Paradiſe which yet is left.

Con.

The vertuous joyes thou haſt thou wouldſt ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride, and wouldſt not take it ill:
If rudely from ſweet dreams, and for a toy
Thou awak't he wakes himſelfe that does enjoy.

Pro.

How can the joy or hope which you allow
Be ſtiled vertuous, and the end not ſo?
Talk in your ſleep and ſhadows ſtill admire,
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this reall fire,
But to ſleep better; for who ere drinks deep
Of this *Nepenthe*, rocks himſelfe aſleep.

Con.

Con.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroyes,
And while it pleaseth much yet still it cloyes:
Who thinks he shall be happier made for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfet, this once past,
What relishes? even kisses lose their taste.

Pro.

Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy,
But shall we starve, cause surfeiting destroy?
And if fruition did the taste impaire
Of kisses: why should yonder happy paire
Where joyes, just Himen, warrants all the night
Consume the day too in this lesse delight.

Con.

Urge not tis necessary; alas we know
The homeliest thing that mankinde does is so.
The world is of a large extent we see,
And must be peopled, children there must be,
So must bread too, but since there are enough
Borne to that drudgery, what need we plough?

Pro.

I need not plough since what the stooping Hinde
Gets of my pregnant land, must all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage tis not so,
For when *Anchises* did fair *Venus* know
What interest had poore Vulcan in the boy,
Great bold *Æneas*, or the present joy.

Con.

Women enjoy'd what e'retofore they have been,
Are like Romances read, or Scenes once seen:
Fruition dulls, or spoyles the play much more
Then if one read, or knew the plot before.

Pro.

Playes and Romances read, and seen, do fall
In our opinions, yet not seen at all:
Whom would they please? to an Heroick tale,
Would you not listen, least it should grow stale?

Con.

Tis expectation makes a blessing deare,
Heaven were not heaven, if wee knew what it were.

Pro.

If 'twere not heaven, if wee knew what it were,
Twould not bee Heaven to those that now are there.

Con.

As in prospects wee are there pleased most,
Where something keepes the eye from being lost,
And leaves roome to guesse: so here restraint,
Holds up delight, that with excesse would faint.

Pro.

Restraint preserves the pleasure wee have got,
But hee neere has it, that injoyes it not.
In goodly prospects who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
Wee wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
And nature blam'd for limitting our sight,
Where you stand wisely winking at the view
Of the faire prospect, may bee alwaies new.

Con.

They who know all the wealth they have, are poore:
Hee's onely rich that cannot tell his store.

Pro.

Not hee that knows the wealth hee has is poore,
But hee that dares not touch nor use his store.

To A. H: of the different successe of their Loves.

THrice happy paire of whom wee cannot know,
Which first began to love, or loves most now:
Fair course of passion where two lovers start,
And run together, heart still yoak't in heart:
Successefull youth, whom love has taught the way,
To bee victorious in thy first essay.
Sure lov's an Art best practized at first,
And where th' experienc'd still prosper worst.
I with a different fate pursu'd in vain
The haughty *Cœlia*, till my just disdain
Of her neglect, above that passion born;
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.
Now shee relents, but all too late to move
A heart diverted to a Nobler love:
The scales are turn'd, her kingdom weighs no more,
Now, then my vows and service did before:
So in some well wrought hangings, you may see
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Grecians* fly,
Here the fierce *Mars* his courage so inspires,
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet hee fires,
But there from heaven the blew ey'd virgin falls,
And frighted *Troy* retires within her walls.
They that are formost in that bloody place,
Turn head anon and gives the Conquerours chace:
So like the chances are of love and warre,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are:
In love the Victors from the vanquish'd fly,
They flye that wound, and they pursue that dye.

An

An Apologie for having loved before.

THey that never had the uſe
Of the Grapes ſurprizing juyce;
To the firſt delicious cup,
All their reaſon render up:
Neither doe nor care to know,
Whether it bee the beſt or no.

So they that are to love inclin'd;
Sway'd by chance, not choyce, or art:
To the firſt that's fair or kind,
Make a preſent of their heart:
Tis not ſhee that firſt wee love,
But whom dying wee approve.

To man that was ith' evening made,
Starres gave the firſt delight:
Admiring in the glooming ſhade,
Thoſe little drops of light.

Then at *Aurora*, whoſe faire hand
Remov'd him from the skies:
Hee gazing towards the Eaſt did ſtand,
Shee entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright ſun did appear,
All thoſe hee gan diſpiſe,
His wonder was determin'd there,
Hee could no higher riſe.

Hee neither might, nor wiſht to know
A more refulgent light:

For

For that as mine, your beauties now,
Imploy his utmoſt ſight.

Palamede to Zelinde, Ariana, Lib. 6.

FAireſt peice of well form'd earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The power which you have o're us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None but a Prince, alas, that voyce
Confines you to a narrow choyce!
Should you no honey vow to taſte,
But what the Maſter Bees have plac't
In compaſſe of their cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appeare among thoſe few,
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew:
The ſap which at the root is bred,
In trees, through all the boughes is ſpred,
But vertues which in Parents ſhine,
Make not like progreſſe through the Line.
Tis not from whom, but where wee live;
The place does oft thoſe graces give.
Great *Julius* on the Mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or Herd had led.
Hee that the world ſubdu'd, had been
But the beſt wraſtler on the green.
Tis Art and knowledge, which draw forth
The hidden ſeeds of native worth:
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames, as touch the Skies.

To

To the old Hero's hence was given,
A Pedigree which reach'd to Heaven,
Of mortall seed they were not held,
Which other mortals so excell'd,
And beauty too in such excesse
As yours, *Zelinde*, claimes no lesse.
Smile but on mee, and you shall scorn,
Henceforth to bee of Princes born.
I can describe the shady Grove
Where your lov'd Mother slept with *Jove*,
And yet excuse the faultlesse Dame,
Caught with her Spouses, shape, and name:
Thy matchlesse form will credit bring,
To all the wonders I shall sing.

FINIS.